

The Interpreter

Archives, University of Colorado at Boulder Libraries

Number 161

★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

arv@colorado.edu

July 1, 2011

Our Mission

In the Spring of 2000, the Archives continued the original efforts of Captain Roger Pineau and William Hudson, and the Archives first attempts in 1992, to gather the papers, letters, photographs, and records of graduates of the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School, University of Colorado at Boulder, 1942-1946. We assemble these papers in recognition of the contributions made by JLS/OLS instructors and graduates to the War effort in the Pacific and the Cold War, to the creation of East Asian language programs across the country, and to the development of Japanese-American cultural reconciliation programs after World War II.

James M. Wells

30 Years at the Newberry

56 years a Caxtonian

And Enjoying Every Minute

(Cont'd) Wells is not certain who nominated him to the Club, but assumes it was Stanley Pargellis because he was an active Caxtonian and his boss. He spent four terms on the Caxton Council. He also served as vice president and president, and was program chairman for at least four years, two of them as "ghost" chair when someone else introduced the speakers, but Wells did the inviting and publicizing. Among the speakers he can remember bringing are Nicolas Barker, Stanley Morison, Mary Hyde (later the Viscountess Eccles), and Frederick Adams of the Morgan Library.

Wells remembers the "old" Caxton Club, before it allowed women, but thinks it is better with them than it was before. "Many women are important collectors and dealers. Their jokes can be as ribald as any man's. It was silly to keep them

out." He recalls a period when meetings were held in the Cliff Dweller's Club at lunch time on Saturdays. "There would be a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of Bourbon on every table. Since I always preferred wine myself, I worked to get that tradition changed."

Robert McCamant
The Caxtonian
Vol. XV, No. 9
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Soldiers' Angels

You may already know that "Soldiers' Angels" tries to help wounded soldiers with things to help them to recover physically and mentally. They also ask donors to write letters to the wounded [I was unaware of this program. I have written and sent care packages to US troops in Iraq for 6 years through Adoptaplatoon®. Regrettably, Art Dornheim passed away soon after sending me this letter].

April 24, 2008

Dear Defender of Our Country:

I can only begin to imagine how you feel, physically waking up each morning, or the thought passing through your mind about what you might have done.

So I'll try to distract or entertain your mind with some unexpected but interesting thoughts.

During WWII I was a Navy Japanese Language Officer. On two occasions I was a "soldier's angel" to Japanese prisoners. After all, Japanese servicemen were then human beings, too. The first prisoners I met, actually, were Japanese fishermen. In the spring of 1943, they had been headed for their fishing grounds when one of our subs surfaced near them [an abrupt and unpleasant surprise, no doubt]. The sub captain, fearful that they might be able to radio the sub's position to a nearby naval ship, fired his deck gun at one of the fishing vessels and sank it. But the sub captain was a humane person, and even though there is limited space and

food aboard a sub, offered to take aboard the three or four fishermen struggling in the water. They accepted the offer and were brought back to Pearl Harbor, where they were placed in the Marine Corps brig, since there was no POW camp on Oahu at the time.

After graduating from the Navy's Japanese Language School in Boulder, Colorado, in June 1943, I was assigned to the Joint Intelligence Center, Pacific Ocean Area (JICPOA), in Pearl Harbor. Early on, I was sent to the brig as duty interpreter for the day. The fishermen told me that they were bored being alone by themselves for so long with nothing to engage them. Could I make them a *Shōgi* set? *Shōgi* is the Chinese/Japanese version of chess. Its board is nine by nine squares instead of eight by eight squares. I told them I would do so and soon I came back with the board and the playing pieces made out of cardboard. After the November 1943 battle of Tarawa, a POW camp was set up on Oahu and I never saw the fishermen again. You can imagine how surprised and delighted their wives and siblings were three years later when they were finally repatriated to their native villages.

Oh yes, the sub's captain sank a second fishing vessel, but the fishermen struggling in the water refused the captain's offer to be taken aboard. The Japanese code was never to surrender to the enemy. Hope this gives you something to think about and [increases] your resolve to get better.

PS: The other occasion I was an "angel" was aboard our naval ship APA-49 as the escort officer to take back to Pearl Harbor prisoners captured on Guam. So maybe another letter.

Arthur Dornheim
JLS 1943

Recent Losses:

An EAA Interview with Houghton Freeman

(Cont'd) **Lynn Parisi:** *AIG must have been one of the first companies to approach the Chinese about business cooperation. What has it been like to rebuild the company, working with and through the Chinese government?*

Houghton Freeman: Our first meeting resulted in an agreement to talk to PICC again. I typed out the eventual joint venture agreement in English on a typewriter we found at the Peking Hotel. I think it may have been the first such agreement with a Chinese entity – 1979. That was the beginning of AIG's return to China. Joint ventures are not the easiest things to arrange – it was challenging. However, we still have very close relationships with the PIC, even though we eventually got our "independence" in China. I'm not sure we beat McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken, but I think we might have. Of course, it didn't take a year. It took many years, with meetings in New York, Honolulu, Beijing, and Shanghai.

AIG and particularly, Hank Greenberg, developed key relationships, including the one with Zhu Rong Ji, who first was the mayor of Shanghai and later went on to become China's economic czar. Zhu gave us our first license to do business in China. It was for Shanghai only, and there was some disappointment within AIG, but I said, "There are 20 million people here, and that's bigger than some countries AIG operates in, and at least it's a start."

When we first received our Shanghai license, we didn't have any agents and we couldn't hire anyone before we got the license, so we reached for the moon and advertised for Chinese university graduates who spoke English. I thought we'd get about twenty replies; we had about 1,000 and

hired about thirty. Some years later, we took back our former building at 17 The Bund. We felt there was some sentimental value there. Of course, the Chinese would only lease the building. The communists were not the best housekeepers, and the building needed major work so, in addition to the whopping lease, AIG undertook major renovations.

Our markets in China gradually developed, first in Shanghai, then in Guangzhou and in some Special Economic Zones down south. We just "received" Beijing last year, and we have been adding city by city. China is now our largest market. In fact, AIG has such a good relationship in China that other foreign insurance companies have begun to complain. Here it is important to note that we've been working at it since 1979. Patience in China usually pays off.

Business is watched very carefully in China. The Chinese government naturally is nationalistic, but we've been given a fair shake. They are strict and have many rules, but AIG operates in many different countries and is used to that situation. There is always a way around things in China. (to be cont'd)

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Albert O. Weissberg JLS 1944 1919-2008



REDDING – Al Weissberg died at his home in Redding on

February 1, 2008 at the age of 88. He was born on May 26, 1919, to Leo and Irene Weissberg in New York City. When he was three, his family moved to Butte, Montana, where he spent the rest of his youth.

Al attended college at the University of Washington, where he met his future wife Muriel, whom he married in 1942. He was a naval lieutenant in World War II in the Pacific, serving as a Japanese language translator and interpreter. After the war he attended graduate school at the University of Iowa and Syracuse University, where he earned a PhD in audio-visual education. Al came to Redding in 1956 as television coordinator for the Shasta County Schools. Later, he taught English, journalism and drama at Central Valley High School and was an instructor in the Evening Division of Shasta College. Al was a founding member and president of Temple Beth Israel, a board member and president of the Community Concerts Association and the local chapter of the California Retired Teachers Association. He was also active in the Friends of Shasta County Libraries and New Library Now. He was a member of Shasta Country Citizens against Racism, which gave him its civil rights award in 1998. He was a member of the Shasta Historical Society and editor of its journal, "The Covered Wagon," in 1998 and 1999. In 1997 he published "Broadway Sweetheart," a biography of his uncle, theatrical producer Al Woods.

He is survived by his wife Muriel, son Robert of Redding, daughter Judy Ortiz of Orange, CA, and four grandchildren – Sarah and Matthew Weissberg, and Rebeca and David Ortiz. He was preceded in death by his brother, Ross.

Redding Record Searchlight
February 6, 2008

Noel Leathers & Tom Smith On Iwo Jima & Saipan

(Cont'd) There were several thousand Koreans on [Saipan] working in labor battalions building fortifications. They had little love for the Japanese and

were delighted with the landing of our forces. Near the end of the struggle, I came across a small group of Koreans who were trying to make their way to wards the beach. When I started talking with them many others showed up in a very few minutes. I decided to get them organized in some kind of ranks and then have several Marines escort them to the encampment where Father Cho was taking care of the Korean civilians. Thinking it would be easier to take care of them if we knew how many there were, I asked them to count off. They started to do so in Japanese. Knowing just a little Korean, I stopped them and asked them to use Korean, since they would now be treated as Koreans and not be under the Japanese. I saw some smiles and they counted off with gusto in their own tongue. I then announced to them that when the war was over Korea would be independent. They all cheered and marched off in fairly good order. I thought to myself, "I hope they would come to realize that what a Marine had told them on Saipan was really going to happen." I never did apologize to the State Department: but on reflection it would not have understood anyhow [Bravo!].

Twenty years later, I called Tom at Stanford from the University of Toledo, to recommend an aspiring young scholar who wanted to concentrate in Japanese history for whom he made an extraordinary effort to get admitted to the doctoral program at a very late date. The bond established that night on Iwo made it seem as if we had never been apart. My admiration for Tom and others mentioned by Dan Williams (*The Interpreter*, #118) continues to this day.

Noel L. Leathers
OLS 5/14/45

[Ed. Note: For those who wondered how he could have been on Iwo Jima, not entering JLS until May of 1945, Noel L. Leathers was a USMC Enlisted Linguist, who also served on Tarawa, Eniwetok, and Tinian, before being assigned to the USN JLS/OLS. He served with Col. Carlson and Lt. Cory. He is author of *The Japanese in America*, (Minneapolis: Lerner Publications Co., 1967, 1991). He served as a

member of the history department faculty and as provost at the University of Akron from 1975-1984 and interim vice president and provost from 1997 to 2000.]

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MARINES

Dear Aubrey [Farb]:

Not named in the Task Force Order were:

Maj. H. Treadway,
Commanding Det. VMB 254,
Aviation Personnel
1st Lt LU, Chinese Interpreter
Lt. Bland, VMB 254

A good deal of my after-action report dealt with observations of ports, fortifications, vessels, weapons and other subjects of military interest, and will be omitted.



Landing Party Fox Co. Shantung Peninsula to rescue downed pilots
<http://www.haroldstephens.net/image/tid/51?page=5>

The TF order told the landing parties what they were to do and set forth ground rules. My contribution to the G-2 Periodic Report related what happened during the accomplishment of the TF's missions to recover the plane and pilot(s).

Upon arrival the LST was anchored offshore and one amphibious truck (DUKW) dispatched to the beach for reconnaissance and contact with the local authorities. During the truck's approach to the beach about a dozen mustard-yellow uniformed troops collected from scattered points about the beach. They were armed with rifles, Mauser machine pistols and hand grenades. As we approached these soldiers became extremely agitated and by shouts and gestures indicated that the truck should not pull up onto the beach. After a long period of shouted negotiations by Lt. LU, the vehicle was allowed to pull up on the beach but the occupants were told that they

were not permitted to come ashore - Further parleying and explanation of our intentions secured the grudging permission for one officer to come with them to Yung-Cheng to see the local commander. Ultimately four of us left the truck and were escorted inland. The soldiers insisted that all weapons be left in the truck. Our 45's were concealed by our parkas. Maj. Treadway remained with the downed F7F and Lts. LU, Bland and Nelson continued about 2 miles further to the walled town, the HQ of the local military. An hour's repeated assurances finally convinced the commander that the Marines were not the vanguard of an invasion force and he consented to salvage work on the plane. We then returned to the beach and additional personnel were summoned from the LST by radio. Chinese troops in the area had been helpful by forming a cordon around the plane, keeping the locals from approaching closer than 500 yards and work began on the plane.

Several hours later Lt. Cmdr. WANG Min, deputy commander of the Weihaiwei military zone, arrived with his interpreter, Dr. C.Y.LEE. They had cared for Lt. Bland prior to his rescue and were very friendly and cooperative. WANG adamantly refused to accept the \$2,000,000 FRB (Federal Reserve Bank, the Japanese-issued currency still in use in North China.) which had been brought as the promised reward for his assistance. He described his actions as being only those consistent with the relations of one friendly nation to another. This launched him into the most frequent questions we encountered during the operation. "Why do U.S. planes continually fly over our territory? Since we are most friendly to the U.S., why does the U.S. assist the Central Government in its encroachment on Communist territory?" On the morning of the 20th an attempt was made to take off the plane but the extreme softness of the sandy soil made this impossible. The plane was then further stripped and burned.

The LST then proceeded to Weihaiwei where our arrival was anticipated. A party of two trucks was sent ashore on the

morning of 21 December. We were escorted to the office of the Mayor, YU Chow. Lt. Cmdr. WANG Min and Dr. LEE arrived about noon from JUNG-CHENG along with "Division Commander" Major General TSO. We were told that one F7F had landed in the harbor near a small island but that both plane and occupants had disappeared before a rescue craft could reach the spot. One body had washed ashore about 5 miles across the bay and had been interred there. A party was dispatched in one truck to recover the body. The party was guided by Gen TSO personally. The body had been placed in a Chinese coffin and this in turn placed in a Chinese-style brick tomb above ground. The body had been preserved by the extremely cold climate and was identified by aviation personnel who had known the flier. Our ship's surgeon said he had apparently died of drowning. A pneumatic life preserver was found on the body, uninflated but with discharged cartridges.

The next day was spent at anchor in the harbor awaiting the end of a storm that had arisen. The LST had arrived off PENG-LAI on the morning of the 23rd but he trucks were unable to land until the morning of the 24th. The first truck was met by a rowboat, which advised that they would guide the truck to an unmined section of the shore. Two trucks were guided though the massive sea gate and the other returned to the LST. A party of aviation personnel was dispatched to the location of the crashed SB2C plane to conduct salvage. The remainder of the shore party was shuttled to the Mayor BA's office in a 1937 Ford in what appeared to be pristine condition. We there met Brig. Gen SUN Rai-fu, commander of the military area, and a Mr. CHANG, editor of the local newspaper. During conversation over a sumptuous Chinese dinner, the general assured us that he had ample troops to defend the area. (Just so we wouldn't get any ideas?) We returned to our ship.

So - Christmas Day at sea on the doughty LST 755....Mission Accomplished.....all's well that ends well.....but no egg nog, fruit cake, or Christmas tree.

*Semper Fi
Glenn Nelson
JLS 1944*

A Son's Memories of Phil Manhard JLS 1944

One of those things that will stick in my mind forever was my father's visit to me when I was in Japan teaching English to businessmen back in the early 1980s. I was teaching in the city of Kurashiki in Okayama Prefecture when my father had the chance, following an international symposium on terrorism, to visit me in my humble *apato*. The city of Kurashiki has a rather beautiful and well-preserved "old town" section of feudal-era warehouses and buildings along a section of canal that was originally a transport line in from the Inland Sea. One popular place is now (or certainly was then) a high-end hotel built in what was a textile factory originally.

In any event, during my father's visit, we went through the hotel and my father, whose Japanese was leagues better than mine, saw a sign with the hiragana of "ro bi." "What does that mean?" he asked me. I, nonplussed to say the least, looked at him and replied, "Dad, that's the hotel lobby!" I have to give dad his due that he was as amused as I was at that bit of modern language throwing him.

I must add, as a personal note that one of the great joys of having my father visit me was a chance to bond over some shared experience of Japan. He told me, one evening at dinner, that he knew he was a Japanophile when he first ate sushi and sashimi. He said, "Everyone told me that it would be an acquired taste. I loved it from the first bite [*I acquired that taste at first bite, as well*]." I had exactly the same reaction to Japanese food, much to the detriment of my waistline! But I had the great pleasure of introducing my dad to one delicacy that he, in all his deep and broad contact with Japan had never had: katsuo tataki sashimi. To this day I can recall the beauty of the plate of fish served at my suggestion, and his extreme pleasure in finding some insanely delicious item of

Japanese cuisine he'd never had before.

Finally, and more pertinently to the Language School, there was one aspect of my father's professional service that his knowledge of Japanese made rather more interesting.

After his return from what he called his "extended tour" in Vietnam, in 1974, he was named ambassador to Mauritius; which post you wouldn't imagine an ability to speak Japanese would have any bearing on. But, as it turned out, the Russian ambassador at the time, whose name, I'm sorry to say, is not in my memory, also spoke Japanese. So the US and Russian ambassadors had several opportunities to converse privately, in public, in such a way that not even the Russian "political officer" could monitor what his own envoy was saying.

As I recall, my father's relations with the Russian ambassador were quite cordial, facilitated by the opportunity to speak directly with each other, albeit in a tongue not native to either.

*Ric Manhard
Sterling, VA*

Bryan M. Battey USIA Officer

Bryan Mann Battey, 84, a retired Foreign Service officer with the U.S. Information Agency, died May 6, 2008 of congestive heart failure at John F. Keever Jr. Solace Center in Asheville, N.C. He had lived in Asheville in recent years.

Mr. Battey was born in Oscawana, N.Y., and moved with his family to Washington at a young age. He was a 1942 graduate of Sidwell Friends School, where he was class president and valedictorian.

He studied at Dartmouth College during World War II and entered a Navy language school in Boulder, Colo., where he became fluent in Japanese. Dartmouth awarded him a bachelor's degree on the basis of his language studies.

He served in the Navy before returning to Washington after the war. He worked in the advertising department of Woodward & Lothrop

department store before joining a forerunner of the U.S. Information Agency in the early 1950s.

Based in Japan from 1952 to 1957, he was director of the Tokyo American Cultural Center and helped promote the U.S. cultural presence in postwar Japan.

Mr. Battey was in Washington from 1958 to 1967 was later assigned to Saigon and Tokyo before retiring from the USIA in 1974.

In addition to Japanese, Mr. Battey was conversant in Chinese, Russian, Vietnamese and Georgian.

Since his teens, he occasionally performed as a jazz pianist. He also played trumpet, saxophone and accordion. He and his third wife, singer Torrey Baker, ran a voice studio in Arlington from 1973 to 1982.

He lived in Chevy Chase and later in Arlington County before moving to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., in 1984. He lived in Lebanon, Pa., before settling in Asheville about 15 years ago.

For many years, Mr. Battey taught Japanese language and writing to students at every level from preschool to graduate school.

His marriages to Jean Battey Lewis, former dance critic of *The Washington Post* and currently with the *Washington Times*, and to Carolyn Travisano ended in divorce. His third wife died in 1982.

Survivors include his wife of 25 years, Jean Horton Battey of Asheville; four children from his first marriage, David Battey of Washington, Robert Battey of Arlington, Laura Battey of Sonoma, Calif., and Megan Battey of Middlebury, Vt.; and three stepchildren, Tony Baker of Arlington, Jennifer Baker of Olympia, Wash., and Michael Longacre of Vancouver, Wash.

Washington Post
Obituaries
Thursday, June 5, 2008
Page B08

[Ed. Note: Bryan "Brunt" Battey, as many of you may recall from issues #43, #44, #47, #62A, #66A, #97A, #98A, #106, #106A, #110A, #116, #126, #132, #135, and #140, was a frequent contributor to the newsletter, as well as an active correspondent with yours truly. Japanese linguist,

garage band member, State Department Japan hand, Japanese language sensei, piano bar singer and humorist, Bryan will be missed greatly.]

Greetings from CPT Matt Blakely USMCR (ret.), JLS 1944

I've been intending to write you for some time [July 27, 2008], but it seems to go by so quickly (when you are 89 years old). Anyway, thanks for *The Interpreter* [de nada].

I have several notes to mention:

1. The photos that have been received are interesting and I look forward to more. Carla's note with the first batch was a good introduction. [Carla enjoyed making the 2007 and early 2008 sets of photos. She has graduated and Patrick made the most recent set. Grant, now back from a year in Germany, studying Greek and Latin in German, will take over the JLS photo scanning and "album" work.]

2. I noted in #126B of *The Interpreter* that you have a "small collection" of Ellis Zacharias items. Then Captain, USN (in 1942), he enlisted me into the Navy after an interview as an apprentice seaman to attend JLS at CU. We talked for quite some time. I was very much impressed with him (that's now 65 years ago [in 2008]) and, at the time, I was surprised that he would take on a civil engineer with only a high school affinity for "languages". Is there any way that one could obtain a copy of the material you have? I have a copy of his fine book, *Secret Missions*, which is now out of print. [CPT Zacharias, the Admiral's son, sent us a scanned copy of some Japanese invitations, which we emailed to CPT Blakely.]

3. I will be sending you a few photos, some of which you may already have: including Dan Williams, Don Redlin, Chris Norred, plus some 4th MARDIV Japanese language section group shots. [We look forward to receiving these photographs, as well as any other materials CPT Blakely might send.]

4. Do you possibly have any current address, etc. on James William Johnston? He was my roommate and "buddy" at CU. [I called CPT Blakely back and told him that we had never been able to find James W. Johnston, partially because very common names elude discovery in the numbers of results that show up, and partially, perhaps, because CPT Blakely advised us that he was several years older, being an attorney before he entered JLS. I am still looking.]

All the best and continued good fortune in your endeavors, Dave, and to your crew also!

Matthew L. Blakely
JLS 1944

Hugh Burleson: A Postwar Model Japanist

[Bryan Battey, now passed, had wondered if an old USIA hand and Japanese linguist, Hugh Burleson, had been a JLS/OLSer. Mr. Burleson replied thusly:]

First, in our USIA alumni newsletter I noted sadly the passing of your JLS/OLS alumnus Bryan Battey, with whom I served in Tokyo in the 1960s and briefly in Saigon in 1973. Too soon do we grow old and pass from this sweet earth!

You and a few other JLS/OLS grads with whom I have communicated in recent years were curious to know if I was a JLS fellow; and I had to confess that I was not, but instead picked up my Japanese language and Japan experience soon after WWII. I.e., I'm a postwar model Japanist.

But, the experiences I've had were interesting and adventuresome enough that I've been compelled to write down that autobiography, under the title *The Making of a Pacific Citizen*, published by AuthorHouse earlier this year. It details my background, my five years in the Allied Occupation and subsequent career in USIA, serving another 12 years in Japan, plus time in Saigon, India, Korea and Washington DC. It also depicts my Japan-related activities after retiring in 1987. A central theme is also my marriage to a feisty samurai lady, Kimie, spanning 55 years,

and how she made it all a non-stop cross-cultural adventure.

I've done some marketing locally; but it can be ordered by phone from AuthorHouse (1-888-280-7715), citing the title and author (Hugh L. Burleson II). Or, go online to www.authorhouse.com and click "Bookstore." One can also order from www.Barnesandnoble.com.

Perhaps some JLS old boys would enjoy reading through the tale as much as have family, friends and near-strangers across the USA and in Japan.

I also have a Japanese translation of a briefer version, but am still seeking a Japanese publisher.

Sore de wa,
Hugh Burleson

Reprise on Art Dornheim

Among Navy JLS grads who passed on during 2008, and there were too many, my closest friend was Art Dornheim. We shared many hikes and some joint study at CU and many similar views afterwards. My first meeting with him, as I recall, was during a soccer game. I was at that moment a goalie, holding and in the process of kicking away the ball, when I noticed an opposing and determined forward approaching at top speed. It was Art.

Dan Williams
JLS 1943

College Credit for JLS

Like Bryan Battey, I was also given a year's college credit for my Navy Japanese Language training, on my arrival at Ann Arbor. Overnight, I jumped from being a sophomore to a junior, entering UM as a senior. The man who brought me from Berkeley, Robert B. Hall, also arranged for me to have a cushy three-semester Chinese language scholarship, to cushion the financial shock.

Forrest R. "Woody" Pitts
OLS 1946

\$Donations 2009

- Paul F. Boller, Jr.
-